

AROUND THE FARM.

Edited by ANDREW H. WARD.

MONEY IN FARMING.

HOW TO GROW CROPS PROFITABLY.

ARTICLE NO. IX.

CULTURE OF FLAX AND HEMP.

The character of the soil depends upon the purpose for which the flax is required; if for seed, it can scarcely be too rich; if for fiber, it must not be such as will cause rank growth. The general rule is to employ clean land, free from weeds, as the flax plant is delicate and easily smothered. The soils which rank first in this country are the flat bottoms which are covered by the fall and spring floods, which subside early enough to permit the farmer to get in a crop; these flats are the second best, a depth of strong alluvial soil, the reclaimed marshes and swamps, with a black, unctuous soil, not too peaty, as much clay in the composition as will permit its being rendered soon dry and meadow; also land containing much organic matter, as rich prairie, and either naturally or artificially abounding in willow, will produce good crops. A good crop of flax cannot be produced on a poor, wet and half-purified soil, any more than can a good crop of wheat.

Preparing the Soil.

There is no crop of grain, wheat not excepted, for which the soil needs so much preparation as is required for a good crop of flax, and therefore no crop of flax can be raised in a better soil than can be prepared for it. The seed should be gathered about the middle of August, varying according to the time of sowing. The maturity of the plant is determined by the evaporation of the farina, and by the leaves of the plant exhibiting a yellowish hue; it is then generally supposed to be ripe, but it is safest to wait a few days longer. Very little attention will enable any one to judge when it is fully ripe; in that respect it is a very accommodating crop, for, if gathered a little too soon, the int is not materially injured, and it will wait the leisure of the farmer some time after it has been gathered. If they have been in the field three years, they have eaten their heads off. [Live Stock Journal.]

should not be put in so early as to be exposed to severe frost; and where there is a large quantity planted convenience in harvesting requires that it should ripen at different intervals. The time should be selected for sowing, according to his latitude, and the quantity wanted. From the 10th of April to the 10th of June is the mildest season for sowing, and the quantity wanted.

From the 10th of June to the 1st of July, ploughing is practised with advantage, but the surface of the field must be rendered even and smooth. The ground should be as carefully prepared as for flax. Scarcely any other crop better rewards diligence and careful husbandry. When the object is to make a crop of hemp the seeds are sown broadcast. The usual quantity is one acre a half bushels to the acre; much depends on the strength and fertility of the soil and the care with which it has been prepared, as well as on the season. The ground can only sustain and nourish a certain number of plants, and if that limit is passed, the surplus will be smothered.

When the seeds are sown they are dunged or harrowed in, which is best in old ground, as it avails the injurious effects of a beating rain, and the subsequent baking of the earth. It would be beneficial to subsequently roll the ground with a roller; sowing in drills would require less seed, give an equal amount of crop, and materially expedite the planting. After the seeds are sown the labors of the cultivator are suspended until the plants are ripe and in a state to be gathered. If the season be favorable until the plants are sufficiently high to shade the ground, which they will do in a few weeks at six or eight inches high, there is a strong probability of a good crop. When they attain that height, but few crops are taken in the effect of bad seasons, and then the farmer generally gives up, and ready to be gathered about the middle of August, varying according to the time of sowing. The maturity of the plant is determined by the evaporation of the farina, and by the leaves of the plant exhibiting a yellowish hue; it is then generally supposed to be ripe, but it is safest to wait a few days longer. Very little attention will enable any one to judge when it is fully ripe; in that respect it is a very accommodating crop, for, if gathered a little too soon, the int is not materially injured, and it will wait the leisure of the farmer some time after it has been gathered. If they have been in the field three years, they have eaten their heads off. [Live Stock Journal.]

Doubtful Superphosphates - Substitute
Definite Mixtures.

Director George H. Cook's annual report of the New Jersey experiment station for 1883 shows analyses of 194 samples of commercial fertilizers.

Sales in the State of 83 manufacturers were reported at 30,163 tons in 1882, representing a total value of more than \$1,000,000. In 1883, the analysis of 194 samples which may be cited as nitrogenous superphosphates, the nitrogen ranged from 7 to 3.8 per cent, with an average of 1.92; the soluble phosphoric acid ranged from 62 to 10.3 per cent, with an average of 5.5. What a farce it is to call a thing an "ammonium superphosphate" when the nitrogen is only 62 per cent, in any form, and none of it in the form of ammonia; only .62 per cent of soluble phosphoric acid, and a total of phosphoric acid in all forms of 2.9 per cent.

It is evident enough from tables of analyses in the reports of experimental stations, that the term superphosphate nowadays means a substitute for manure, and nothing more, and nothing less, than a mixture of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash, with sometimes a larger proportion of one of these elements, and sometimes of another, and sometimes of both. The general idea is a matter for wonder that, many intelligent farmers are turning their attention to buying nitrogen compounds, potash salts, and plain superphosphates, and are making no use of them in their fields. The grower could have a constant supply throughout the whole season. I have known two square feet of surface to fill a basket when the crop was raised, and when it was raised, the plants were lower, before cutting; and the basket sold for fifty cents each on the ground, the purveyor cutting for himself.

The lowest price I have known has been twenty cents per basket. At this rate, 1000 feet of feed, four f. w. head, should realize \$400, and at the highest price, \$1000, for each basket. The cost of the basket is not included in the price.

Cutting is now almost universally practiced in preference to pulling. Not quite so much int is saved by the first as by the last process, but the labor is pleasanter, and all subsequent operations, such as spreading out, stacking and rotting, are made easier. The heat is also of better color and finer fiber, and the roots and stubble left in the ground and ploughed under to lighten the soil, and as they decompose, become an equivalent to a manure, and a good one.

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CRAZY FOR THE GOLD.

Stampedes of Reckless Fortune-Hunters for the Mines.

Falling Exhausted by the Trail to be Buried Underneath the Winter's Snow.

Rum and Corner Lots all the Miserable Dupes Can Have.

(Special Correspondence New York Sun.)

EAGLE CITY, Idaho, April 2.—There will be a day of reckoning for somebody for getting up this mining stampede. It is the wildest, crassest, and maddest rush that was ever known in this country. It has outgrown the intentions of the excitement and the enthusiasm of the excitement. Men stop it now if they could without damage to themselves, but as they cannot they stand back and wonder where it will end. They have started a graveyard here, and if there is not a change in the condition of things before long it will be the only well-patronized institution in the whole district.

In company with three others I made preparations for the trip to Eagle City. We bought hand-sleds and strapped our blankets, tools and provisions on them in the snuggest manner possible, and with everything in good shape we took the trail at sunrise. It is a winding, circuitous route, thirty-five miles in length, half of it up the mountains and the other half down. There is no one entry in Keeling's trail. It is better than the first, but it is not so good, and a little up with the things which the trail-senders have thrown away. When night came upon us we were glad enough to make our camp. We collected a lot of brush and built a fire which we afterward fed with logs, and, covering the snow, which was probably five feet deep, with all the brush we could find, we spread our blankets on this wavy bed and soon fell asleep from sheer exhaustion.

At Daybreak We Were Off.
stiff and sore from the previous day's exertions and our uncomfortable beds, but resolute in our determination to reach Eagle City before nightfall. This we might have accomplished had it not been for the fact that we had not found a dozen or more miners, thirty-eleven, and without enough food in the entire party. We soon man decently for forty-eight hours. Having no money to buy sleds, they had undertaken to carry them out, but were strapped to the sleds, and some of them had to stop to wait for the rest of the weak and weary that they were seriously injured.

One poor fellow, whose emaciated frame and thin summer garment aroused our keenest sympathy, was lying on the snow, and when he was prematurely, was to stake the entire mass as a piñata, buy him a Gatling gun that would shoot the large size of buckshot, and then trust to the mysterious movements of an overruling Providence.

I do not know whether to take my advice or not, but I am sure that when we were until they could get to Eagle City and send strong men to him, the man was safe. The injury to his legs was so severe that he could not stand while he was afflicted. Our party, noticing his unwillingness to be left alone on the mountain top, remonstrated with his friends, telling them that he was to be left alone, and that we must hasten to reach the diggings and that the most humane thing that could be done would be to take him along. This proposition was finally assented to, and we were soon on our way to have one left tree, and on this we fixed the injured man as comfortably as we could. We got along slowly for the rest of the day. It was not until we were within sight of the camp which the sick man rode, and he was growing so weak that we had to stop frequently to give him a chance to rest. During that day we met half a dozen or more miners, all of whom were in disorganized remains, and driven by a man who looks as though he had glutted his vengeance, and had two or three gouts left over on his hands.

STYLES IN STATIONERY.

Letter Paper That is Manufactured in America—Craze of the Past.

"Anything new; what is the latest?" was the question addressed a leading fancy stationer in this city.

"Well, nothing sensational, startling or likely to be all the rage?" was the reply.

"That is what the mania just now in fashionable writing paper is."

"There is no special style at present. A popular brand is the Frog. This style has the appearance of being hammered by a blacksmith, and hence its name. To look at its undulating surface one would think that it might interfere with the writing, but a pen glides over the paper without any trouble. It is very like the Alligator brand on the under side. This Alligator brand has quite a following, and the customers who buy it are mostly young men, who pay \$70 a month could get just as good living if they understood the tricks of the trade, for \$40."

"What is the best paper you can buy?"

"Our paper is the best, and the man who buys the customer is gone, we take it off again. He's sold us for it, but we can sell it over again, and his wife will be the next to buy it again."

"There are many new styles being put up, but people only know that the can save in man-

ket bills, if they only understand meat thoroughly, most of them would be astonished. I tell you, it is one of the greatest things to know the market well, and then to sell it to the best advantage."

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Three Grades of Butter

very popular in the market. Then he showed the material from which had could be manufactured, and strongly recommended that the girls should do their own trying-out. Said that he was not proceeding on the supposition that butchers would cheat their customers if they got a chance to do it themselves, but by a penitent for the purpose of purchasing a revolver. Hersey refused to sell him a weapon, and advised him to be quiet and go home. Charles Cushman, one of Ara Cushman's sons, and one of the parties who appeared before the grand jury, escort him over the bridge to the Lewiston police station and secured police protection for him. This was the worst punishment he could get, but it was not encouraged by the strikers.

On one occasion, while the help was coming from Cushman's shop, a large crowd collected, became boisterous and expressed their feelings in jeering cries. One of the new men talked back. As a natural consequence the crowd centred their attention on him. He became very much excited, and again, as before, told them that he had made the best of it, and the first thing that struck his mind was to get to the police station and secure his release. The next day he got to the police station and secured his release.

His neck was like a dish-cloth, and when his head was released from its support, which was something in the shape of a bandage, he fell to the ground. The men who were arrayed before him, to get a hold of him, were not able to do it, but the men who had been report of trouble in obtaining gold bars for some time, as there are about \$10,000,000 in hand. As I expressed my opinion, he volunteered to show me his gold bars. He had made a discovery while traveling among the mountains down below Bourbouville that he felt sure would be of interest to newspaper readers. His story in his own words was as follows:

Two days after leaving Bourbouville I spent the night at the cabin of a poor farmer among the hills, and during a social family conversation, in which I participated, after supper, some one incidentally spoke of Hector Davis, "the man without bones." I immediately asked what was meant by the expression, when my host explained that Davis was one of their "neighbors," living in a table in the gymnasium of the Lasell Seminary at Auburndale, with a substantial platform underneath him and 114 beautiful young ladies in front of him. It was rather a trying situation, but it did not embarrass Mr. F. G. Hawes of the Boylston market, who was standing behind a table in the gymnasium of the Lasell Seminary at Auburndale, with a substantial platform underneath him and 114 beautiful young ladies in front of him. It was rather a trying situation, but it did not embarrass Mr. F. G. 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IN THE EARTHWORKS.

How a June Day by the James Was Desecrated.

The Octopus of War Shapes Men of Kindly Natures Into Murderers.

Brown Curls Wet With Blood and Blue Eyes Closed Forever.

(Detroit Free Press.)

Ah! it was one of the prettiest June days even Virginia ever saw. There was such a mellow sun shine that every flower and blossom turned its face to be kissed, and there was such a happy, peaceful look down across the fields towards the James river that men forgot for a moment that war existed. In the trees overhead the robins called to each other, and one a bluebird alighted on the wheel of a field-piece, which had its singing brass muzzle thrust into the enormous, ready to sweep the shelling shell whenever hand pulled the lock-string.

There were a thousand of us down behind the earthworks, and we were so quiet that the voice of the colonel reached the last men on the flanks as he cautioned us: "My lads, we are going to hold this position against a whole army!"

See! A thin line of men-skirmishers from the number of fifty—suddenly break cover from the woods half a mile away and advance upon us. They skulk—they dodge—they drop down and suddenly rise again and advance as stealthily as Indians intent upon surprising a hamlet. Hah! Fifty men against 1000! No, it is not that. The octopus of the woods—these skirmishers are the long arms he is reaching out to feel us to—occupy our position—to ascertain our strength.

"Puff! Puff!"

It is the fire of the skirmishers. You know where the watch dog is by his growl. They are trying to provoke the beast to betray his retreat. Zip! Zip! How the bullets sing as they fly over our heads! There is dead silence behind the works. We breathe faster and harder—we clutch our guns with tighter grip, but we are silent. To kill an octopus you must strike at the body. Seven arms and they will grow again.

"Pop! pop! Zip! zip!"

"Steady, lads, and

Wait for the Word!"

There is no excitement among us. I hear the man on my right shut his teeth with a gritting sound, and the one on my left a breathing like a weary man in prison slumber. We would look at each other, and each see pale faces, some looking with the lips half open, some pale faces, and I am looking down across the fields and over the heads of the skirmishers. The grandest sight of the world is to see the Octopus of War leave his lair and come forth thirsting for human blood.

Ah! here he comes. His feelings have failed to uncover us, but he can judge for himself that such a short line of works cannot conceal more than a full regiment. He does not know that our right flank rests on a swamp and our left on an impassable ravine, while our front offers no shelter even for a rabbit. Look! the sight is worth ten years of your life. A full brigade goes out of the woods and forms for the charge. Regiments and companies swing into position as if on parade. The skirmishers redoubt their fire, and a general gathering of smoke and dust is to be seen that every foot is on line with its neighbor.

Now they get the word to advance, and at the same instant our field-pieces open fire. The cruel shells are striking plumb into the front rank and tearing the men to pieces by the half-dozen, as the smoke and dust of the charge march on with steady movement. He wants blood. Will it demand drop for drop—and more! Ha! the shriek of shell has changed to the whistle of grape and canister, and the smoke is thickening, showing as if the fate of nations depended upon them. The smoke drops down in a great cloud, and one cannot see beyond its bayonet. Now it is rent and torn, and in its fits and starts aways in great pieces and fragments.

"Now Lads and Fire Low!"

The octopus has been staggered—wounded—but here he comes again. Right in front of me I see a face and form which I select as a target. I could kill him now, but I grimly wait for him to come nearer. He is pale with excitement, and as the man at his left is struck down my target loses the steady step of the line. But only for an instant. Now he is not over forty feet away, and the fire of musketry has checked the advance. My weapon points straight at him. I am looking right into his eyes, and his face is white as chalk. His high forehead—the white teeth shut tight together in his excitement. He is not over 20 years old. He has a mother whose poor old heart will almost break tomorrow. He has sisters who will refuse to be comforted for long months. And such a fair-faced boy must have a sweet heart whose very soul will cry out in anguish at the news of his death.

I could kill him! The excitement of the click has confused him. He looks to the right and left, and then into my eyes. He is standing almost alone. As our eyes meet he sees murder in mine, and I see the death of his mother. The rest of a baton does not hang on his shoulder of a corporal. The war will not be over the sooner for his fall. But take deliberate aim at his breast, and press the trigger. He will not feel the shock of discharge. I see the red blood spray out from the terrible wound, and he falls back with a shriek under his lips.

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